

The Strip Club - through the Eyes of a Male Exotic Dancer

sneak peek...

(Excerpt from “The Stripped Club” - by Donovan Dee Donnell)

introduction ;

“Man in the mirror...i see you. You shine like the son of the sun...but you glisten like the sea. I looked deep into your eyes as i fell from eternity. I never intended for life to be this way... but the mirror made me do it.” - DONOVAN

Who i had become

Walls rumbling from the bass of the speakers. The pulse of the club felt by anyone with their foot to the ground. Listen to the sound... of their screams. The wailing of ecstasy mixed with anxiety. A feared but coveted society - filled with a vast variety - of wild...wild...women. They screamed - not only for me, but they screamed...for who i had chosen to be.

With chaos all around me - gravity pulls them to me...exactly where they needed to be. Clicking their heels, this place was their home, grabbing their chest, they started to moan. They beckoned & they bowed & that made me stronger, how sweet was the sound of lust filled with hunger. How precious the screams, how soft are the lips, how sacred...be the kiss...of my enemy.

I found pleasure in their pain, especially tonight - as my heart drowned in the depth of my intoxication. As the liquid courage passed through my body, all i knew was... iAm the party! i am the one they've come to see & there is no one like me nor will there ever be. In the presence of sculpted gods, immersed in oils, covered with linens & furs,
i stand.

Surrounded
...i stand,

outnumbered
...i stand,

lit,
i stand.

Fit, equipped, knowing i was the shit
...i stand.

Unfazed by the craze that was manifesting around me - i was zoned out - i was locked in. This is how i experienced my "black out"... after i let the "dark in".

Above it all, i could still hear my own breath. My heart was in sync with the beat of the drum. The same beat of the drum that *incited the bow*. Bow down to the beat of the drum. Bend your back to the bass of the beat. *You've already surrendered so much just to be here - why not give what's left of you...to me.*

Make it rain, so i can reign in your hearts & mind. Fan the flame of my fame & leave your cares behind. Praise & worship, worship & praise...all they really wanted was the A-Man. The alpha of the pack, who's bark was just as intoxicating as his bite. Who's "walk", was just as mesmerizing as his might. Who's body was the bait to the fate of

your soul. To see me, was to love me because i showed them what they wanted to see.

And now here comes the DJ & the MC. i heard...

boom boom clap,

boom boom clap...

weee will... weee will... rock you, rock you!!

weee will, weee will, rock you, boom!

My presence is being requested. My song, my intro, my moment has arrived, my platform awaits me. As the door slowly opens & the fog appears, my *stand... turns into a stomp & i step.

i step, like a spirit through the body of an unsaved soul, i step.

It's like parting the sea with the energy that surrounded me, i step.

Like the gravity of a black hole, pulling you against your own free-will...you cant resist...my step.

Something between an earthquake and a snake causing the barriers of your modesty to break. Leaving levees leveled, i burst open your inhibition, I've been trained for this mission. And now, here we are, face to face. Knees weak from the weight of the desires you carry. The desires you carry for me. i guess it's time to see... what good girls are really made of, let's begin...

You see, i never needed to drink to get on the stage. The spotlight was my drug. This...

[The Stripped Club...Coming soon!]

